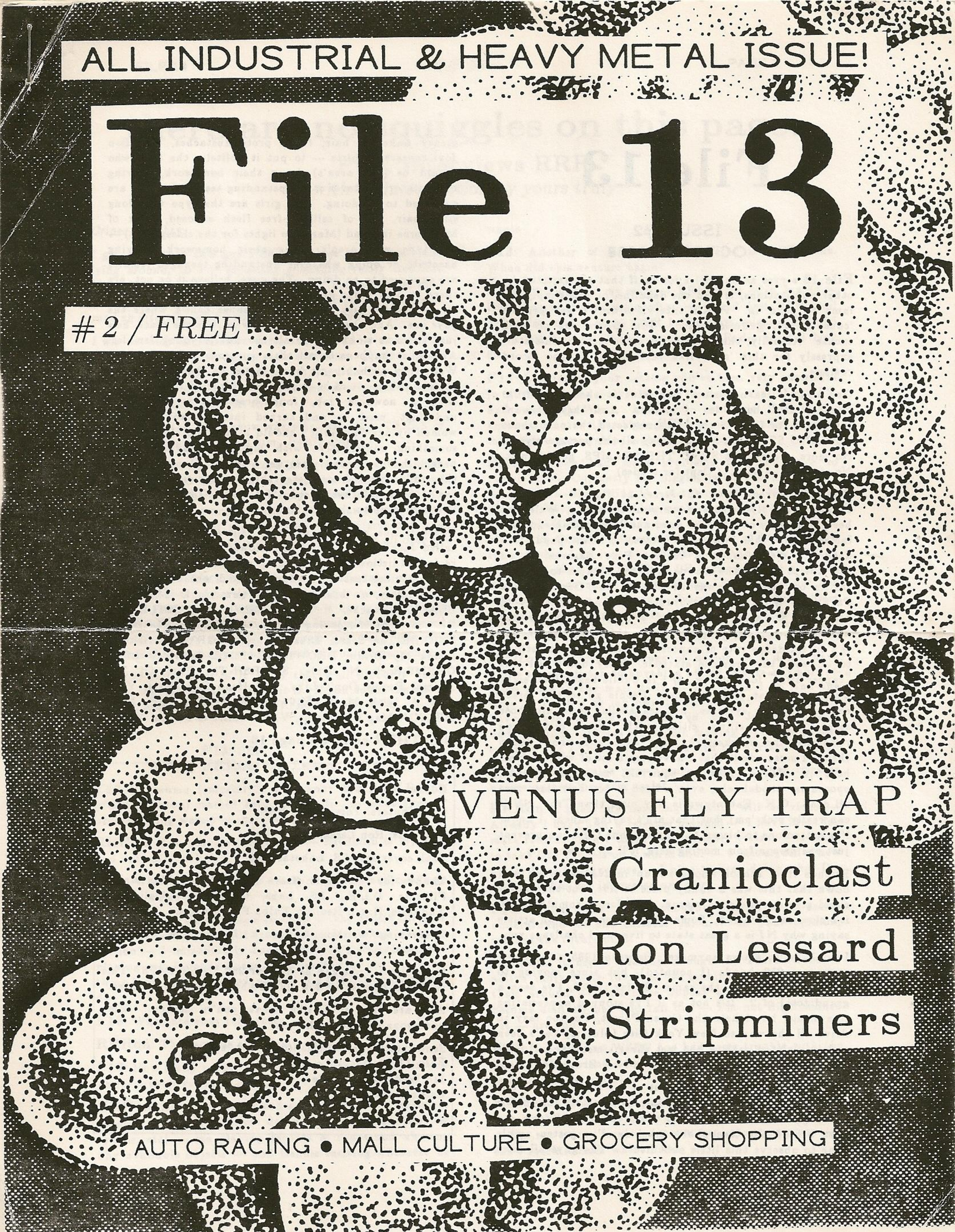
ALL INDUSTRIAL & HEAVY METAL ISSUE!

File 13

#2 / FREE



VENUS FLY TRAP

Cranioclast

Ron Lessard

Stripminers

AUTO RACING • MALL CULTURE • GROCERY SHOPPING

File 13

ISSUE #2
OCTOBER 1988

File 13 serves as an outlet for stuff that got rejected by other publications, missed the deadline, or was simply too lame to send in. PBK's interview didn't get printed 'cause *Electrogenesis* folded. Tom Grove has no such excuse. Actually, this time I did write most of this stuff expressly for this 'zine, like just about all the record reviews.

One thing I learned since last issue is that *Maximum Rock N Roll* has a lot of readers. And they all want something for free. Since *MRR* neglected the part about SENDING STAMPS, I had to pay all the postage myself. No more. Sorry. So SEND THE STAMPS, goddamn it. No stamps, no 'zine. ('Cept for trades)

Before I moved down to Jersey, I figured the state couldn't possibly be as bad everyone says it is. Well, I've been down here over a year now, and I've assembled a few facts about this wonderful state: #1 in population density. Went canoeing in the Pine Barrens in an attempt to escape the crowds, and the bumper-to-bumper traffic on the *river* was as bad as the Garden State Parkway. #1 in auto insurance rates, and probably in accidents per square mile too. #1 in EPA Superfund hazardous waste sites, over 100 in this pint-sized state. #2 in incidence rate of cancer. Probably has something to do with the previous statistic. They don't call this "cancer alley" for nothing. #1 in public beach fees, eight bucks a day at some beaches. People go to the Jersey shore to collect syringes, not sea shells. And all those scenic, sweet-smelling cities with those picturesque refineries and smokestacks, I'm sure you know about them. I must admit that I have seen a lot of wild animals here in NJ — rabbits, squirrels, raccoons, skunks, opossums, woodchucks, even a deer — too bad they were all dead. O.K., Eatontown is way nicer than Troy, NY (I can really pick 'em), but that ain't saying much. I know, I've got no one to blame but myself, but I if I can prevent just one person from moving here, it'll all be worth it.

Friends from school who grew up in NJ swore up and down that this was a dandy place to live, but they never could give me *one* good reason. Uh, Jersey tomatoes...uh, it's close to NYC...uh. Someone out there write an article saying why NJ is a great state to live in. I challenge you.

I don't go to shows anymore. Between 1985 and 1986 I saw over 250 bands (I counted), but since moving to Joisey, it ain't been the same. So far in '88, I've seen a grand total of 2. It's not as if I've stopped appreciating live music, but I hate the Green Parrot, I'm too lazy to drive all the way to New York City (plus my car's been rudely violated each of the last three times), and I don't get wind of the all-ages shows up in New Brunswick.

Instead, I've been spending most of my time hanging out at the local shopping mall, dumping quarters (or tokens actually) into video games at the arcade. And from my post behind the Xenophobe machine, I've gotten ample time to observe this little subculture. The guys all have greasy unkempt hair, fuzzy proto-mustaches, and Bon Jovi concert T-shirts — to put it politely, the type who should be (but aren't) doing their homework, playing baseball, or whatever it is upstanding teenaged males are supposed to be doing. The girls are the type with long silky hair, lots of cellulite-free flesh exposed, pack of Marlboros in hand (Marlboro lights for the classy ones) — the type who aren't doing their homework, playing baseball, or doing whatever upstanding teenaged females are supposed to be doing. The guys, believe it or not, are there to play video games. The girls don't play video at all — they're just hanging out 'cause that's where the guys are. And the fat, hairy guy who runs the place, he's just there to slobber over all the nubile young females. And what happens to all these gorgeous young femmes? Well, they probably get knocked up by the time they're 18, and taken out of of circulation. Married to some loser with a nowhere job, four bratty kids constantly underfoot, used up and turned into cantankerous old women by age 30. As if I should talk. I should be doing something constructive with my life (maybe playing baseball), but instead what am I doing? Hanging out at the mall. [Since I completed this fine sociological study, the video arcade has closed. But that's O.K., 'cause now I've moved up to slot machines]

There is one good thing about central Jersey, and it's called Jack's. Yes, Jack's has allowed me to maintain my record addiction while beginning my CD habit. (Yes, I've sold out since last time) Just a few of the bargains I've gotten lately, on brand spankin' new vinyl. $3.99: BIG BLACK-Headache, THROBBING GRISTLE-Very Friendly, BGK-Nothing Can Go Wrogn, ALGEBRA SUICIDE-The Secret Like Crazy, ANGRY SAMOANS-Inside My Brain, DROWNING POOL-Satori (2 LP's), GERMS-Rock N' Rule, SMERSH-The Part Of The Animal People Don't Like, V/A-Head Over Ears, V/A-Just A Mish Mash; $2.99: FIRE PARTY EP, BILL NELSON-Map Of Dreams, V/A-Gunfire & Pianos, V/A-

BLATHER cont. on page 16

Editor: Mark Lo

Contributors: Tom Grove, PBK

Hots tips: Ron Lessard, Bill Hsu

Back cover art: J.S. Laboratories

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Everything written by Mark Lo, unless otherwise indicated.

Issue number one can be had for 25¢ IN STAMPS. This issue can be had for 45¢ IN STAMPS. Trades accepted.

Ads are free if I like what you're selling. Some unreasonable price, otherwise.

Send interviews, records, tapes, art, etc. to:
File 13 c/o Mark Lo
115 Wedgewood Circle
Eatontown, NJ 07724

there are no squiggles on this page.

PBK interviews RRR

with an introduction by yours truly

Cripes almighty.

I get word that this guy PBK has these spare interviews lying around, so I'm expecting something really cool like Voivod or Death Angel, or something. Instead, what do I get? An interview with Ron Lessard. Who the fuck wants to read an interview with a guy who runs a record store?

I was actually at his store once, and you know what? The guy can't even speak in complete sentences. These phrases just kept streaming out of his mouth, separated by all these hyphens. I couldn't believe it! Good metal selection though. I got some Anthrax albums there.

And he's got this radio show where he just plays TAPES *of all this garbage people send him. Really dumb.*

And get this, he's got this record label, and he puts out these records with NO *music on them. I was really stupid and ordered two of them. One of 'em just has all these* NAIL SCRATCHES *all over it. I had to buy a new needle for my turntable. Then this other one looked like someone had* PUKED *on it. It had all these lumps of red shit all over it. I threw it in the trash.*

But that was before I knew any better. His label also has this record that comes in a plain brown paper bag. Ever hear of anything that stupid? At least it has music on it, if you can call that stuff music. Ron's band also has a record out with a cover of "4:31" by some guy John Cage. I wouldn't waste my money on a bunch of stupid cover songs.

And the funny part of it all is that y'all probably don't believe me. It's all true, really it is. If you doubt my word, write to RRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852.

F13: PBK
RRRon: Ron Lessard

F13: I assume (correctly?) that your life as a DJ on WZBC (Boston) started before RRRadio, so what type of programming were you involved in?

RRRon: You assume incorrectly — RRRadio is my 1rst and only DJ work

F13: What prompted you to do a "live" audio-collage over the airwaves?

RRRon: One day Andrew Herman — the Music Director at WZBC — asked me if I wanted to do a show on their station — I immediately knew I wouldn't waste my time playing my favorite songs — I wanted to do the same thing that those Negativland and Big City Orchestra guys do

F13: What are your influences?

RRRon: The same as everybody else's

F13: How many people make up Due Process? Or do you perform the live shows solo?

RRRon: Due have performed solo twice — Normally we consist of Dave & Mike doing real music (guitars & synths, etc) — me playing records & tapes and abusing any available objects — and Dennis reciting whatever he wants

F13: Another of your many projects is RRRecords. When did this venture begin?

RRRon: I opened my store — RRRecords — in Jan 84 — Due Process started soon after — issued 1rst RRR mail order list in Jan 85 — RRR 1rst album released Nov 85 (RRR-001 Eugene Chadbourne) — RRRadio started Nov 86

F13: Looking at your catalog you've been very successful in gathering the best alternative music available (U.S. and import)...What kind of problems have you encountered in distributing/buying/selling this type of music? (i.e. censorship, high prices, etc.)

RRRon: I've had more problems than I'd care to remember — Currently my biggest is time & energy — I need more — Regarding the dist/buy/sell — No problem there — Sleep Chamber has problems with censorship — two of my RRRecords have been censored — some customs official in Canada refused to let a box of Master/Slave Relationship LPs into the country — And Rough Trade refused to distribute the PGR LP because it had a female nude on the cover — the new Pixies LP they put out has a female nude on the cover — Prices aren't a big problem yet — except in Japan where the prices are ridiculous.

F13: What are you personally listening to lately?

RRRon: My usual barrage of demos — I don't have much time to listen to anything at my leisure anymore — tapes come in the mail daily — But when I do find the time — I listen to my own Due stuff alot — Recently I have taken a big interest in the Japanese noise underground — It was real tough making all of the proper contacts and I know I've only touched the surface of it all

F13: Please divulge your future plans — what releases upcoming and log-term goals?

RRRon: I guess my next big venture will be video — Already I have 5 or 6 releases planned — I have ideas for more records than I could ever possibly release — I want to take Due Process on a world tour — I just signed a new 2 year lease for my store — I plan to keep doing what I'm doing till I'm not interested anymore

F13: What are your thoughts on the so-called underground — the cassette culture? In your opinion, what is the future of it?

RRRon: It seems healthy enough — There's tons of active individuals involved — making tapes — passing them around — New faces appear every day — A few become disillusioned and fall out — I'm not disillusioned yet — are you?

F13: I understand WZBC has had some trouble with the locals and student body over its programming — what can you tell me about it?

RRRon: I don't know anything about it — I am not a member of WZBC — I am not even in the student body — I'm not even a local — I *never* listen to the station — I can't reach it from where I live

Miner Threat

An interview with the Rochester Mining Co.

Papa Stripminer earns his next trip to Wendy's

O.K., the guys are acting kinda recalcitrant, so I'm gonna tell you the tale myself...

In their bumbling efforts to get signed to a label, the three-piece band known as the Stripminers send around a couple of cassettes. Well, these 59¢ cheapies sound pretty crummy, but it isn't hard to appreciate the raw energy that emerges outta nowhere upon playing 'em. Yeah, these demos — which have the hazy swirliness of Nice Strong Arm's debut, plus the iron-fisted crunch of Big Black — are pretty cool alright.

The tapes happen to fall into the hands of a guy by the name of Cosloy, who thinks that maybe this band is worth checking out first hand. Now, our heroes are pretty excited, and well they should be. After all, it's not every day that you get a call from a big record company exec. So, the Stripminers say, "Hey Gerard, we're doing a couple of sets over at NYU next week. Why don't you stop down."

Tuesday night rolls around, and the lads give it their all, playing the set of their lives. Between sets, they ask around, "So where's Gerard?" Nobody seemed to remember seeing him anywhere. Figuring the asshole stood them up, the 'Miners launch into a set consisting entirely of sloppy Led Zeppelin covers. After returning, a disheartened lot, to Rochester, they're told, "Oh, yeah, he was there for the second set."

But our story has a happy ending, as by now some other record dudes have heard the aforementioned crummy-sounding tapes. Rather than press their luck, the Stripminers opt to release an EP on Albert Garzon's Comm 3 label.

I'm making this all up, I swear...

F13: Mark Lo
PS: Papa Stripminer, the collectiv ultra-being of all three miners.

F13: Why don't you begin by introducing yourselves?

PS: We're the boyz.

F13: Marc says you had a bunch of labels fighting over the band — how'd you decide to go with Comm 3.

PS: First rule is don't listen to Marc. Nobody was fighting over anything; we just talked to a few people, but it was more like having your clit caressed by someone blowing [on] it with a straw from across the room. Albert just said hi let's ok sure neat...

F13: I remember you guys were pretty worried after the NYU disaster...

STRIPMINERS cont. on page 16

TRAPPED!

The Venus Fly Trap interview — next page

THE VENUS FLY TRAP

*The Venus Fly Trap contacted me for this interview. I don't know about you, but where I grew up, it was up to the 'zine to contact the band, not the other way around. How a band in England would find out about a dinky little American 'zine with only one issue out anyway is beyond me. But I checked out and enjoyed the dark, raw sounds on their live tape (*Si L'amour Est Une Corveé, N'allez Pas A Paris! *on Audiofile tapes), I said why not.*

The Venus Fly Trap are Tony Booker, Chris Evans, David Freak, and Alex Novak

VFT: Alex Novak
F13: Mark Lo

F13: Could you give us a little background on the band?

VFT: The band's been together about 2 years — after I left Attrition I decided I wanted to get back to basics — just doing stuff with a bit of guts to it and really that is a basic thing we use — using intuition and instinct. Well, obviously it's developed since we first started — but we never wanted to be labeled as one sort of thing — we wanted room to develop — and we've always changed things if we needed it.

F13: Seems like Venus Fly Trap are a lot bigger in France than in your own country, with both of your 12" singles appearing on the Paris-based Tuesday Records. How did this come to pass, and why France?

VFT: Well, we did a track for a Dave Henderson (x-Sounds, Underground journalist) called *Music From The Dead Zone* — the French label heard it, and asked us if we'd like to do a single — simple really.

F13: You seemed pretty ambivalent about England in that *Melody Maker* interview. Have you been received with more enthusiasm there lately?

VFT: Not really, but we're getting more response from people — but it's the radio and gig situation that's really bad — y'know there's John Peel who's expected to play all the indie stuff for the U.K., it's not enough airtime — hopefully things will change when they deregulate — on the gig front, most of the venues who put on bands just want to make money, don't pay bands, and [are] not interested in the music.

F13: Since we're hopping around the globe, how did you hook up with Audiofile here in the U.S.?

VFT: I was in touch with Carl [Howard] when I was with Attrition, and met him when he came to England — so I just kept in touch, and sent him the new stuff.

F13: Have they actually sold any tapes?

VFT: Couldn't tell you — but I think he's started to get a better response now — you'll have to ask him.

F13: So what's the scoop on this video of yours, and the allegations that it was pornographic? You realize you'll never make it big in the States if you can't play it on MTV!

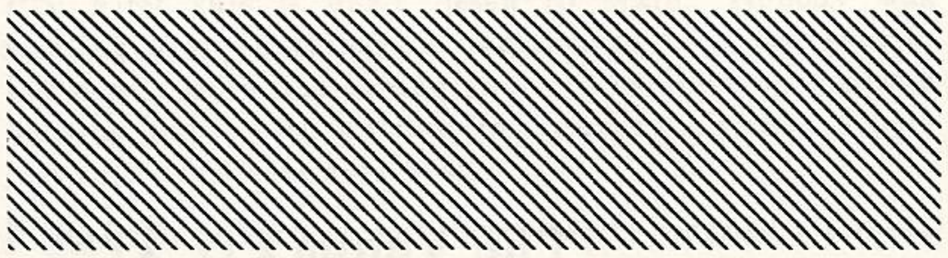
VFT: Sorry to disappoint you — if you ever get the chance to see it you'll see — yep, I know about the stranglehold MTV's got, but there seems to be a lot of cable channels — like Real George's in [Albany] New York — but I will have to get it transferred to NTSC (American system). That'll be in the future — it's an expensive business.

F13: You've been compared to everyone from the Cult to the Cramps, to Cab Volt, but it seems to me that the obvious reference is Joy Division. Any comments?

VFT: Yeah, it's unbelievable who we've been compared to — but I think it's a problem when you're a new band, but I have more affinity with bands who came out in the early 80's, like Joy Division, Clock DVA, Cabaret Voltaire, Pink Military, etc. — but hopefully we're adding something of our own.

F13: You guys do seem kinda gloomy. Do you all wear black a lot?

VFT: A fair amount of black — but [I'm] a pretty positive sort of person — what I do is serious, but not too serious. We do have a sense of humour.



C-c-c-ranioclast!

by Tom Grove

What and who is Cranioclast? Basically Cranioclast "consisted/consists of Soltan Karik and Sankt Klario" who are together nearly 50 years old — "old enough for politics but young enough for economics." They are primarily a regular studio project but don't go into professional studios. Not fond of touring, they do some rare live performances, one of which is planned in Zaragoza, Spain. Their music is experimental, very detailed, and replete with evolving, interacting circularities. Its impact is deeply involving in a mystical "twilight zone" way that simultaneously taps into basic human existence/experience. . With similar impact, the music reflects in the photos and drawings which reflect in essays and quotations.

How does the group approach the creation of their art? This blends closely with their guiding intention. The group's efforts are aimed at "using and researching small aspects and phenomenons of components to form new 'fields' of experience." By "cutting microstructures from macrostructures" they strive to create a powerful arena of coexisting forces. This is not to create an arbitrary collage, but to "mix old, new, or generally unrelated things to overcome static forms of thinking/ perception/structure." They state they are "much more concerned with morphology and dynamics than ideologies and programs."

From their environment and intention, Cranioclast finds inspiration. They are situated among many "postfunctional, catastrophic, dynamic forms; abandoned areas (industrial fields, WW2 bunkers, castles); intersection fields of elements (beaches, deserts); etc." To the group, these are just waiting to be "rediscovered, researched, and filled with imagination." Of course, the group is also approaching crowds, markets, factories, vehicles, etc., in the same way. However, this is not to say it is easy to obtain information or to enter a special place. In most cases they find there are difficulties. For example, they are having problems getting on the roof of a cathedral in Hertogenbosch (Netherlands) to photograph gargoyles. In relationship to music, the difficulties arise not only from getting to/in some place but in recreating/creating. They were able to enter the tunnel labyrinth below a coastal bunker and recorded the sound of breaking glass in total darkness, creating a memorable situation. While the recording was not very atmospherical, they strove to combine the sound with others to regain the impact/atmosphere of the situation. This artistic difficulty also is a manifestation of their thinking that "only the amalgamation of events/ sounds/things can transport an experience." These amalgamations then stimulate further perceptions/ experiences, and on and on.

What has been the musical output of Cranioclast and what does the future hold? Their first LP was *Koilaransk* and, the first 100 run in 1985, were accompanied by a C-20 cassette entitled *Ration Skalk*. In 1986 the first 100 pressings of their LP *Kolick San Art* came with a photo in blue of a mouth kissing a carnation held by a foot (three versions exist). Last year the group released a mini LP *A Con Cristal* on their own label. Soon ADN (Italy) will release a C-50 tape *Cris Con Tala* with a cover of original photopaper. The group has just finished a track and cover art for one sampler LP (*Never Say When* on Broken Flag) and are beginning work on another sampler of German artists funded by the Brazilian Goethe Institute.

The future should bring the release of a video movie, a written manifesto, and an LP by "a befriended Cologne artist" on the group's own label. The video will be about 60 minutes long and use a lot of slow motion, multiple exposures, etc. The film consists of short (around 10 minutes) films that will form an entity with a dreamlike, dense atmosphere. The manifesto will be on original photopaper and will be a comprehensive description of themes and methods of interest to them. It will be open ended, expandable, and released in parts (evidently in magazines).

In essence, it appears Cranioclast applies its interests and themes to their forms/structures, and thus model their model-a model which (like the manifesto) is open ended, expanding, and composed of elements interacting, feeding back, and reinteracting. Their music, writings, and visual art both individually and collectively as an entitly reflect such a model. By creating "vectors of multiple (micro) processes" leading to several different interests, "one is not caged in static specialization/perception." Such is the liberating impact of the works/communication of Cranioclast.

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Live Reviews

GRAND PRIX
Meadowlands 7/23/88

When I was a little kid, I was fascinated by anything on wheels. I could identify every car on the road by the time I was two, and my father would take me to the auto show every year. On the weekends, I'd watch anything from Formula 1 to Stock Cars, to Demo Derby. Maybe it was partially a desire to re-experience that happy childhood that led me to the Meadowlands for a full day of cars, cars, and more cars. Carol said it was just another excuse to sit in the sun and drink beer, but that wasn't it.

First, let me get one thing straight. This was no wimpy oval track, but a real road race, with a varied assortment of curves and straightaways. We got to the track in mid-morning, staking out a spot near the chicane, the dangerous S-curve where Emerson Fittipaldi and Al Unser Jr. would have their fateful tangle the next day. The Corvette Challenge qualifying round was the first event of our day, with all drivers behind identical cars — stock Corvettes with engines that had been sealed in the factory to prevent tampering or modification. It was not an impressive display, as the Vettes slipped and slid around the curves like that dead end kid down the street in his hot rod.

The final qualifying rounds for the Indy cars were next on the bill, with two half-hour sessions, one for the slower half of the pack, and one for the faster cars. From our new vantage point we watched car after car whiz around the bend into the homestretch, the incessant whine of the turbines making me glad I had brought my Sonic II's. (I had heard a few Misfits and Soul Asylum sets that I thought were loud, but eight hours of auto racing was pretty punishing too) We had a view of the pits from these seats, but this was no big deal, as fastest single lap counts in the qualifiers, and careful fine tuning is the rule, not lightning quick full rubber changes. We saw Fittipaldi grab the pole position, circling the 1-1/4 mile track in just over 39 seconds.

In auto racing these days, sponsorship is the name of the game, as the Indy cars are turned into speeding billboards — Danny Sullivan in the Miller beer car and John Andretti in the Skoal car. Other sponsorships were more surprising — Mario Andretti in his Kmart car, or Scott Atchison in the Otter Pops car. The slowest qualifying time (103 mph) went to Dale Coyne in the only non-turbo charged car on the track, with no big corporate sponsors — sort of an independent label of car racing.

The Trans-Ams (not the Pontiacs, but any modified production sports car) were up next in a practice round. Here the turbo cars (just the Audis and two of the Merkurs) were virtually silent, emitting only a cute sort of whimper when slowing for the turns.

After watching an ARS qualifying round (with cars like smaller Indy cars) we skipped the Super Vees to roam the so-called paddock areas. We saw fans in search of autographs from A.J. Foyt or Tony Bettenhausen, and mobs of people trying to catch a glimpse of Paul

RACING cont. on page 17

GINSU CARVING KNIFE DEMONSTRATION
Shop Rite, West Long Branch 8/14/88

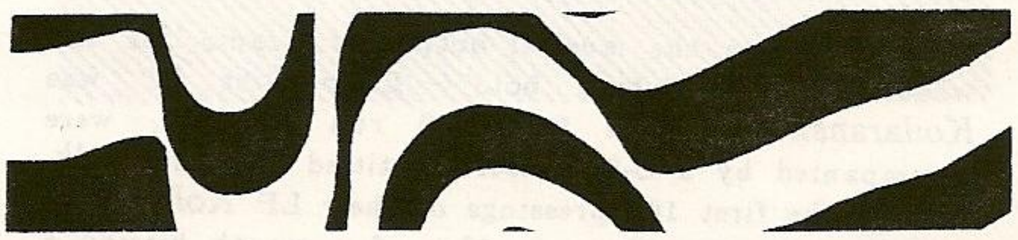
I'm shopping for groceries and minding my own business, when a voice comes over the P.A., "Come to the end of aisles 1 and 2 for a free paring knife for Shop Rite customers." Well, having only a few stray utensils my mom gave me, I figure what the hell. I head over to the little display table, and the woman says "O.K., before you can get your free paring knife, you have to watch this short demonstration of what we used to call the Ginsu Knife. You might have seen it on TV."

So, my eyes roll into the back of my head. Man, who would be stupid enough to fall for some dumb sales pitch. The woman proceeds with her spiel, "How many of you have one or more knives in your kitchen like this?" She reaches under the table, takes out a knife and slashes it violently across her wrist. Yow, I nearly pack up and leave right then. "Pretty dull, huh? Can't even slice a loaf of bread," she continues, as the color slowly returns to my face.

The salesperson takes the Ginsu knife out of a special box. She whacks the handle of the Ginsu knife with a hammer, makes steel filings by using the knife to cut the hammer, slices clean through a cutting board, and then shows how it still cuts paper-thin tomato slices. Well, I'm pretty impressed by this time. Wouldn't hurt to have an extra knife in the kitchen. Who knows when G.G. Allin might knock at the front door, right?

So then the lady goes, "Shop Rite will be selling these knives for $19.95, but I'll give the first six customers not one, not two, but three of these fabulous carving knives, plus two spiral cutters (to make fancy potato slices for those dinner parties), plus two plastic orange juice squeezers (like the kind you get at Disney World), plus this fishing knife (which, I'll have you know, *Field and Stream* rated the best fish fillet-er), all for the same $19.95!" Well, everybody starts thrusting out these $20 bills, and it's all I can do to keep reaching for my wallet. To make a long story short, I end up walking out with just my free paring knife. The will power was strong, but I was still not entirely sure I had made the right decision.

Later, at home, I unpack my groceries, thinking hmmmm, that Ginsu knife looked awfully familiar. I mosey over to the dish drainer and dig out the knife I've been using every day for the past year. Same funny looking handle, same serving prongs at the end of the blade. Even says "QuikCut," just like my new paring knife. So another light bulb goes off in my head. I open the cutlery drawer, and reach way back. Sure enough, my hand emerges with one of those spiral cutters, you know, the kind you can use to make fancy potato slices for your guests. Now where's that plastic orange juice squeezer?



HERE'S WHAT I THOUGHT OF THESE RECORDS & TAPES

*** RECORD OF THE ISSUE ***

FIRE PARTY
Fire Party (EP)
(Dischord)

I gather that Fire Party are supposedly one of the most happening bands in D.C., but I hadn't even heard of them until I picked up this EP. Anyway, these four women churn out music which is dark, yet melodic, with jagged barbs that catch your skin when you're not looking. Amy Pickering delivers her vocals with a low, urgent voice, sort of like Thalia Zedek. And the strange, slightly out-of-synch feeling to the instruments imparts an alluring sort of tension. Reviewers who compared them to Salem 66 missed the boat entirely — a cross between Uzi and Scrawl is more like it. But forget the comparisons, this EP is angular, intelligent, and mysterious.

(Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007)

*** TAPE OF THE ISSUE ***

HENRY HEKTIK
Motion P. Music (cassette)
(Audiofile)

Carl Howard challenged me to name the influence on this tape. Well, *Motion P. Music* has the resonating ambience of Eno's *On Land*, the Eastern flavor of David Syvian's *Words With The Shaman*, and the funky beat of Cabaret Voltaire's "Yashar" or "Slugging For Jesus." But to analyze this tape is to take the fun out of it. While most of these cassette releases have a feel that smacks of do-it-yourself, *Motion* is so exquisitely put together that you just get lost in the joy of *sound* and forget everything else. This is the best cassette I've heard in the past six months. Easily.

(Audiofile, c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18th Ave., Bayside, NY 11360

ALGEBRA SUICIDE
The Secret Like Crazy
(RRRecords)

The music of Algebra Suicide ranges from dreamy pop to gloomy rock, but the focus of this duo is the stream-of-conscious poetry of Lydia Tomkiw. Tomkiw's lyrics are spoken rhythmically, but not with the precision of rap — more like Laurie Anderson doing Robert Ashley's *The Bar* ("We don't serve fine wine in half pints, Buddy"). The trouble with *Secret* is that Tomkiw's voice doesn't have the magnetism of Anderson's, nor do her lyrics have the genius of Ashley's. And if I had my druthers, I'd scrap that cheesy beat box, and turn the focus more on Don Hedeker's guitar (which chimes on "Little Dead Bodies" and abrades on "Heatwave," my favorite cut on the album). There are some successful moments, but mostly Algebra Suicide are a good idea that doesn't quite work out. (RRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852)

AMERICAN STANDARD
Demo tape

This 5-song demo sports a classic D.C. sound — maybe 'cause it was recorded at Inner Ear — sort of like Dag Nasty might sound if they hadn't gone astray. (Yes, I know Dag Nasty don't call D.C. home) All cuts on this tape exhibit decent songwriting, excellent vocals, and guitars that cut clean. Every generic no-talent HC band has a record out. It's about time American Standard put out one of their own. (American Standard, 30 Walker, New Providence, NJ 07974)

ANGWANA
Songs for Happy Muthas! (cassette)
(Harsh Reality/Sound of Pig)

This C-60 is a collaboration between Mental Anguish (Chris Phinney) and If, Bwana (Al Margolis), and as expected is a mostly tape and electronics work. Both "Happy Mothers Day" and "Life Is But A Dream" take things that are comfortable (A Mother's Day greeting card, a music box playing "Row Row Row Your Boat") and drape them with a veil of uneasiness. It's as if a fever's hallucinations had distorted our view of the world. Both compositions on this tape could work as ten-minute segments within a larger whole, but there is not enough inspiration to extend them to a half hour each. (Harsh Reality, Box 241661, Memphis, TN 38124/ Sound of Pig, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023)

D.R.I.
Four Of A Kind
(Metal Blade)

The last D.R.I. album I bought had 25 songs on it. This one has 11. But while the songs have gotten longer, and the drums and guitars say HM, the vocals and tempos still say HC. And I'm glad to say that D.R.I. are still a thinking person's band. In regard to the music, side one's vicious left-right-left combo of "Manifest Destiny," "Gone Too Long," and "Do The Dream" is unbeatable, but the only other song that scores heavily is "Suit and the Guy," late on side two. There's enough great stuff here to make me wish I could say the same about the album as a whole. (Metal Blade, 18653 Ventura Blvd., Suite 311, Tarzana, CA 91356)

DROWNING POOL
Satori
(Nate Starkman & Son)

Drowning Pool have a vague sense of melancholy about them, sort of like For Against or Abcedarians. The tracks with prominent vocals tend to be bloated and pretentious ("Toy Soldiers" and "Weaving Petals" for example), but when they concentrate on their instruments ("Fired From Within" and "Uncork The Mind"), they

enchant with an Eastern flavor similar to labelmates Shiva Burlesque. Barely one LP's worth of good material on this twin-record set. (Dist. by Fundamental, Box 2309, Covington, GA 30209)

IANCU DUMITRESCU
Ursa Mare/Aulodie Mioritica
(Electrecord)

This LP features two compositions for contrabass and percussion by the "Mad Romanian." "Ursa Mare" and "Aulodie Mioritica" have an eerie feel which approaches that of Ellen Fullman or the U.S. Steel Cello Ensemble. Dumitrescu paints stark aural landscapes — imagine being stranded on an alien planet, warily circumspect. Your heart is in your throat and imaginary spiders crawl up and down your spine. A powerful album. (Edition RZ, Leibnizstrasse 33, D-100 Berlin 12, Germany)

ESPLENDOR GEOMETRICO
Kosmos
(Esplendor Geometrico)

Esplendor Geometrico have the primitive feel of early Cabs, but with the sounds of more modern technology. The strategy of EG is to set up a persistent rhythm, and shift new sounds in and out of the mix. Sometimes these sounds slip in with the main beat, and at others they add a counter rhythm. While it's possible to maintain an indifference to the quieter tracks on *Kosmos*, the more intense ones can't help but to lock you into the industrial groove. (Esplendor Geometrico, Apartado 14.325, 28080 Madrid, Spain)

J. GREINKE
Timbral Planes
(Dossier)

Expansive music with a deep, spacey feel akin to Michael Stearns' *Lyra Sound Constellation* or Ingram Marshall's *Planetary Unfolding*. "River's Edge," with its lazy percussion, reminds me of some of Jon Hassell's work. I still think *Cities In Fog* is Greinke's most original and most hypnotic work, but Jeff hasn't put out a bum album yet. (Dossier, Prinzenallee 47b, D-1000 Berlin 65, West Germany)

HICKOIDS
We're In It For The Corn
(Toxic Shock)

Trashy and thrashy hee haw music from Austin — perfect for a HC hoedown. Recorded back in '85, *We're In It For The Corn* has its moments ("The Longest Mile" is tops), but mostly this is just too campy for my taste. (Toxic Shock, Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733)

HUMAN HANDS
Hereafter
(Nate Starkman & Son)

Los Angeles, at the turn of the decade. Bands like Black Flag, Fear, and the Circle Jerks are in their heyday. Western civilization is declining all around, and a bunch of square-looking dudes are right in the midst of it all playing pop music. Kinda like a west coast version of the Feelies, perhaps. For those of us who didn't get in on all the limited edition IPR releases, now available is this sampling of the oddity that was Human Hands. "Blue Eel," with its roller rink organ and ricochetting beat, careens in all directions like a carnival ride gone out of control, and "Jubilee" bounces about like a trip to the Caribbean aboard a low-budget Love Boat. If you liked Human Switchboard or B People (who, you say?) you might want to give *Hereafter* a shot. (Dist. by Fundamental, Box 2309, Covington, GA 30209)

INSTIGATORS
Shockgun
(Flipside)

I have mixed feelings about this record. First of all, I like the sound of the instruments and the way they interact with one another. Bob Gorlik's bass has a nice tight sound, Steve Curran is more than your average thump-a-thump-a-thump heavy metal drummer, and Simon Mooney comes up with a bunch of interesting sounds and techniques. And I appreciate the down-to-business attitude of the band. Unfortunately, I have problems grabbing a hold on any of the Instigators' songs. Maybe it's partly due to the fact that everytime Andy Turner opens his mouth, my hands reach up to protect my ears. Ow! (Flipside, Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608)

LAST
Confession
(SST)

The Last harken back to the garage days of the 60's, and do it better than most. Confession's first two tracks, "So Quick to Say" and "Another Side," deserve to be hits in any decade, with energetic guitar strumming and a punchy drum sound. And most of all, they're just damn good songs. But while "And They Laugh" features nice vocal harmonies and Byrds-like six-string, the other songs on this LP don't measure up. (SST, Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260)

LUCKY MARY BLONDE
Let The Moonlight Burn (EP)

The songs on this EP are so lightweight that most of them float away as soon as they're over, but when I'm listening to them, I gotta admit LMB do what they do very well. This record contains finely crafted pop with good production values (love that delicate guitar sound). "Tyro De Mure" reminds me of defunct popsters Beginners Only, "Plastic People" is a catchy, upbeat tune, and "Why Bother" ends the disc with a gentle ballad. (Luck Mary Blonde, 2148 McCausland Ave., St. Lois, MO 63143)

MASTERS OF THE OBVIOUS
Hammeroid (7" EP)
(Tulpa)

Only two M.O.T.O.'s present on this recording. Nothing here has the get up and go of the *Footprints* cut, and that's too bad. Singer reminds me of a tall guy with dark hair in some band I can't think of right now. How can anyone deliver such ridiculous lyrics so earnestly? (Tulpa Productions, Box 860, Willimantic, CT 06226)

ROGER MILLER
Oh.
(Forced Exposure)

This album marks Roger Miller's first guitar record since leaving Burma. Side one is the experimental side, with a lot of screeching and scritching. The only thing on this side of the LP with any semblance of melody is "Chinatown Samba," which is just that, played on toy instruments found in the trash. Like Fred Frith's work, *Oh* is always innovative, but not always fun to listen to. Side two is the minimalist side. "Space is the Place" is a sort of Frippertronics piece, with Rog repeating the song's title over and over. "The Forest," probably my favorite here, features multi-tracked feeding back guitars which create lush textures reminiscent of Laurie Spiegel's "Expanding Universe," albeit a good deal noisier. "Kalgastak" closes the side with the only song-oriented piece, a tune which sounds like a guitar version of "Jabberwocky," from Miller's first solo disc. *Oh* is a fair change of pace, but I find the broad spectrum of sounds Miller extracts from his Maximum Electric Piano to be a lot more invigorating. (Forced Exposure, Box 1611, Waltham, MA 02254)

MISSION OF BURMA
Forget
(Taang!)

Great painters like Rubens or Rembrandt didn't just launch into a masterpiece. Instead, they did a few smaller preparatory studies, and made a couple false starts. On *Forget*, all the ingredients are there — the jarring guitars, crazy rhythms, and disorienting tape loops. Prescott proves once again that he had the quickest hands in the business, and when Conley and Miller sing, they don't pussyfoot around. I don't regret buying this LP for a minute, but songs like "Manic Incarnation" and "Active In The Yard" just seem like sketches for the real thing. I mean, the doodles Picasso made while talking on the phone were probably damn interesting, but I'd rather see the finished works. If you think I'm comparing Mission of Burma to the great masters, you're right. If you think I'm saying that *Forget* is the first Burma record that's not indispensable, you're right again. (Taang!, Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166)

MORPHOGENESIS
MG1 (cassette)
(Generations Unlimited)

Very original, very nicely done cassette, recorded live in Ealing, wherever that is. Morphogenesis appears to have a very loosely organized approach, yet the two side-long pieces are coherent and do not suffer from any lack of continuity. This five-piece outfit uses electronics, as well as prepared guitars and strings, to create music which is eerie and disquieting. Both sides have sections that jitter like the psysiological and psychological effects of way too much caffeine, as well as some more flowing passages; and both are quite excellent. If you enjoyed Stephen Scott's *New Music for Bowed Piano*, Nicholas Collins' *Let The State Make The Selection*, or the *Music From Mills* compilation, I recommend that you pick this up. (Generations Unlimited, 199 Strathmore #5, Brighton, MA 02135)

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LARRY MONDELLO BAND
Fun With Static (cassette)
(Tulpa)

Is there anything on this tape? Hello. I love the concept behind this tape. The whole thing is recorded at extremely low levels. I've heard blank cassettes that registered higher on the peak meters. "Title theme 'Fun with Static' appears throughout" I love it. But there's at least as much fun here as there is static. The opening piece "Settlement" begins with keyboards that envelop the listener with the stealth of the dusk on an Autumn evening. A guitar is playing somewhere miles distant, and, under it all, there is a pulse so barely audible you start to think it might be your own. "The Farmer" has a restless beat that wriggles you up and down, as the off-kilter guitars and violins teeter on the edge of something or other. "Kraus Ulas Brust" has some mean guitars cruising along in reverse. It's the devil's music, I tell ya. "Eighth Ancient" sounds like Alvin the Chipmunk giving a poetry recital, but no one's perfect. Take this tape home, and crank it up. (Tulpa Productions, Box 860, Willimantic, CT 06226)

SCOTT R. MUNROE
Lullabies For Dominatrixes (cassette)
(Tulpa)

Scott R. Munroe can't play guitar. But side one of this tape proves that all it takes is some powerful riffing through a pile of effects to get some cool-sounding noise. A true musician's nightmare. "Name and Address Withheld" demonstrates that cassette artist have a propensity to be longwinded, as Scott reads a bunch of "those kind" of letters at auctioneer's tempo, to the backing of some random commercials and other nonsense — for fifteen minutes. That's O.K. conceptually, but enough is enough. (Tulpa Productions, Box 860, Willimantic, CT 06226)

NICE STRONG ARM
Mind Furnace
(Homestead)

Reality Bath was like being caught in a sandstorm in the Sahara. Stinging sand whirls in on you from every angle, blurring shapes and making escape impossible. Guitars, drums, vocals — all converge on the listener form unseen sources. In contrast, the excellent production of *Mind Furnace* clears the air and the instruments become visible. I really dig the melodic bass sounds,the guitars remind me of some of the mellower Sonic Youth numbers, and the new drummer comes close to filling the four shoes left by Jamie and Steve. And I also like the way the slightly straining lead vocals contrast with the clean backup vocals. Good songs, good album. Why do I feel disappointed? (Dist. by Dutch East India, Box 800, Rockville Ctr., NY 11571)

NUCLEAR ASSAULT
Survive
(I.R.S)

Nuclear Assault thank everyone in sight, including the bank teller and the guy from U.P.S., but as only one song on *Survive* exceeds 3 1/2 minutes, you know they've got their heads in the right place. *Survive* is real turbo charged metal, and there's not a dud in the bunch. I even like their version of Led Zep's "Good Times Bad Times," and I hate covers. And there's nothing about skulls, or Satan, or fucking girls with big tits. (Well, there is one skull.) Enough accolades for you? Go out and get this!

OUTPATIENTS
Free Association
(Incas)

I hadn't heard a thing about this band in years, when all of a sudden this album pops up in the bins. Well, I guess these dudes from W. Mass have been neither too active nor prolific, as the songs on *Free Association* date back as early as 1981. Older songs, like "Balloon Head" and "Light Blue" sport a melodic HC sound, while newer tunes like "A Cry For Help" and "Running In The Mud" are metal in the style of those few bands that have the polish, but not the glam (Scorpions being about the only example I can think of right now). The strong musicianship of the Outpatients, coupled with their sense of restraint, can keep me entertained for the entirety of seven-minute songs — and that's saying a lot, believe me. *Free Association* is a pleasant surprise. (Incas, 272 Benham Ave., Bridgeport, CT 06604)

PRONG
Force Fed
(Spigot)

Saw an ad in the *Village Voice* the other day: "Heavy metal band seeks lead singer. Must be willing to undergo castration." Well, I'm pretty sure the band in question wasn't Prong, cuz all three of 'em sing like their gonads are intact, and frankly my ears prefer it that way. Prong are leaning toward bludgeoning metal rather than slashing metal on their second LP, but they bring it home with plenty of power to spare. Why did they have to go to England to release this? (Dist. by Southern Studios, Box 59, London N22, U.K.)

ROLLINS BAND
Life Time
(Texas Hotel)

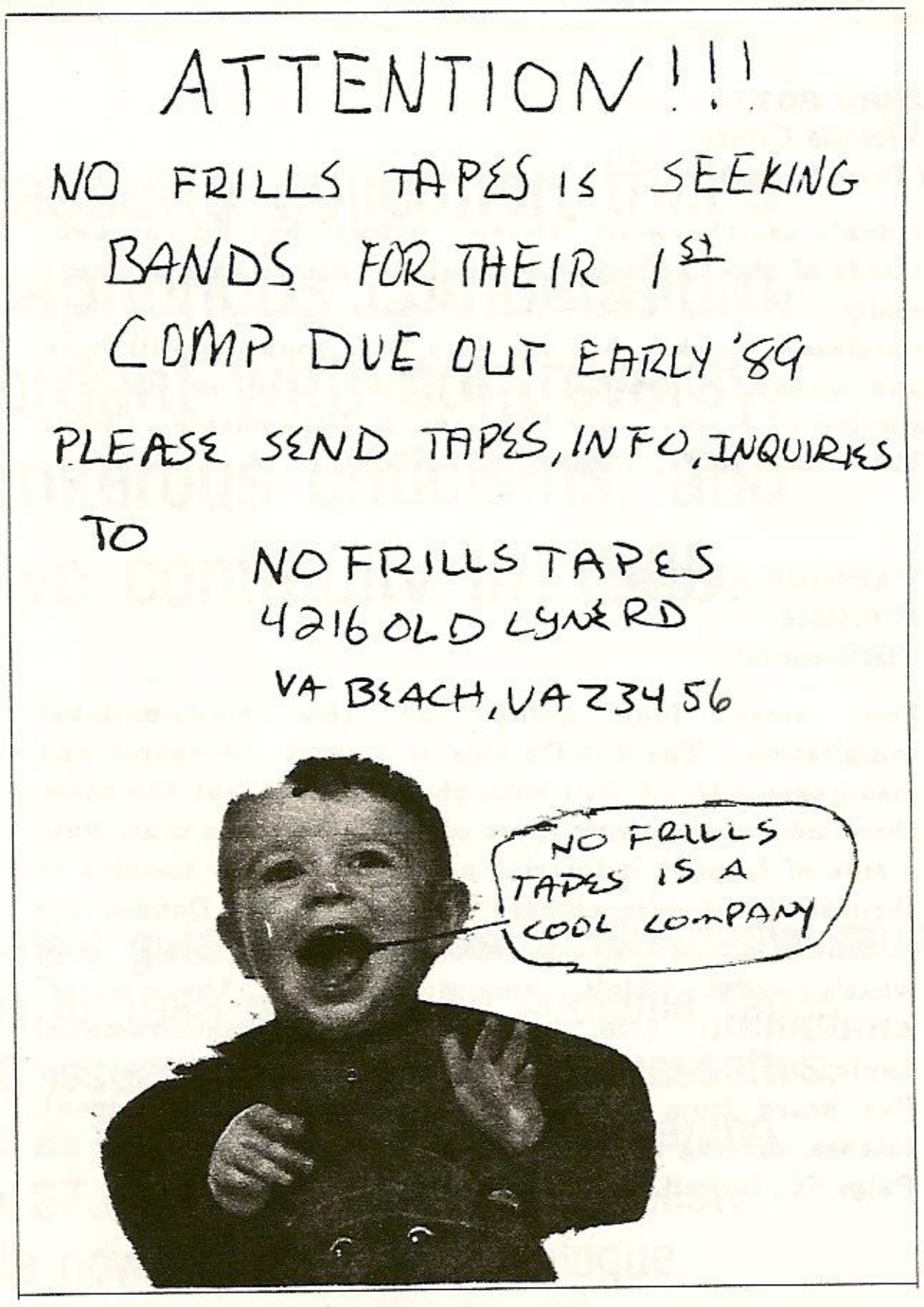
I for one was not sorry at all to see Black Flag break up. Their music was getting heavy and ponderous, and I was growing weary of Henry Rollins' anguished man-as-island stance. So, I've avoided Rollins ever since, but it's tough to ignore *Life Time*. Just take a listen to a song like "Wreck-age." Chris Haskett's guitar cuts a lot more cleanly than Greg Guinn's convoluted self-indulgences, and though they're more subdued than in the Regressive Aid days, you can't beat the rhythm section of Andrew Weiss and Simeon Cain. And as much as I hate to admit it, it's difficult to match the sheer intensity of Henry Rollins. (But why does this LP say "produced by Ian MacKaye" in letters that span half the back of the jacket, other than to score points with the kids who voted Rollins "asshole of the year" in *Flipside*?) (Texas Hotel, 712 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90401)

SAFE AS HOUSES
"Movement As A Clock" (12")
(D.L.E.)

All these years, and all these thousands of records, and I've still never bought a turntable. But, Thank Gary, that doesn't mean I haven't had the use of one. But there are these little plastic things on my TT that are supposed to guide the record onto the spindle. Well, when I go to play this record, it goes about a quarter turn, and CHUNK, it grinds to a halt against the plastic guides. Guess the pressing plant could use a few lessons on how to punch the hole in the *center* of the record. But, I did bring this 12" home last time I went to visit my parents, and gave the thing a spin or two on a real turntable. Plusses: tasteful arrangements, use of piano on "clock." Minusses: weak drum sound, and general lack of spunk. I guess these would be O.K. as LP tracks, but they're not nearly strong enough to stand on their own. Question: why do all their ads boast so highly of their cover of a Donovan "classic?" Are the 60's really that in these days? (Safe As Houses, Box 5023, Toms River, NJ 08753)

ELLIOT SHARP
Larynx
(SST)

I'm not enough of a mathematician to understand the theory behind Sharp's later work (see *Cut* #5 for details), but this album has something to do with the Fibonacci series. *Larynx* isn't as downright aggressive as *Six Songs* or *Fractal*, but yeah, it's pretty tumultuous overall. Strings, brass, percussion, and homemade instruments are all components in the frenzy, as the various forces on the album tug against one another, and the piece approaches a full boil. Then Sharp turns it down to a simmer, and a gently cacophonous, orchestral nature emerges in the album-length piece. Soon, however, the chaos builds again, and we're once again in the middle of the tempest. *Larynx* is more visceral and less nerve-grating than *Tesselation Row*. I like it. (SST, Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260)



STERILE WOMANS ICY MAJESTY
Unbroken Rites Of Babylon (cassette)
(J.S. Laboratories)

Another mysterious cassette release. Just what does it all mean? *Unbroken Rites of Babylon* makes me recall such artists as Blistering Moments and Soviet France. On this tape, drones, subtle rhythms, mumbled voices, and miscellaneous sounds are layered skillfully. It's all done in such a way that an overall soothing mood is maintained, yet there is always something new happening which catches the ear. But it's the vague, subconscious nature of the work that makes it alluring. Good industrial music isn't really listened to, it's absorbed. A nice tape. (J.S. Laboratories, Box 710147, Houston, TX 77271)

USTAD
The Single Eye Of Day (cassette)
(J. S. Laboratories)

Jittery Sphincter Labs has a penchant for gross medical illustrations, a la Amor Fati, but musically this cassette is more in the industrial vein — um, no pun intended. Fairly gentle bubbling, whining, grinding, and rumbling noises are stirred together on most of the tracks. *The Single Eye Of Day* is not exactly breathtaking, but isn't bad either. Tracks having the most interest are "Body-Bound" with African flute-like sounds, and the title cut, with chanted vocals, somewhat in the general idea of Harmonic Choir. (J.S. Laboratories, Box 710147, Houston, TX 77271)

ZERO BOYS
Vicious Circle
(Toxic Shock)

I don't use the word "classic" lightly, but I'd say two-thirds of the 20 tracks on this LP fall into that category easily. *Vicious Circle* is a re-issue (plus 6 previously unreleased tracks), but the Zero Boys sound is still fresh and crispy. Ultra-fast punk that's light on its feet, similar to early Angry Samoans or Descendents. (Toxic Shock, Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Bruitiste
(RRRecords)

Four sides, four groups on this multi-national compilation. The P16.D4 side is a little too sparse and disorganized to sit well with this reviewer, but the other three sides are nothing short of great. Vivenza contribute a side of focused industrial noise which is as tasteful as their steelworker/machinery logo. The Etant Donnes side is dramatic stuff with horrific, frightening vocals. And what's that blob emerging from the water? AHHHHHHH! (No, it's not that melodramatic) Esplendor Geometrico's four tracks are as good as any I've heard from them (and that's pretty damn good). Intense, driving rhythms. What's next? (RRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Footprints Of God (7")
(Tulpa)

This 7" comp's got the hand rolled feel of those little K records. M.O.T.O.'s "Crystalize My Penis" is some fast-paced, messy garage stuff that burns like that first drop of urine. Ouch. Woodchipper's got more than five members, so I'm not legally allowed to say anything good about 'em. Some guy named Burt told me they turned down a gig opening for G.G. Allin, so that gets them a fair pinch of respect from this writer. Eclectic Bitch kicks off side two with an exotic-sounding snippet that's over just as it gets going. Isolation Farm is a mega-sloppy outfit that's O.K. for one song. The bass would definitely be the best part, if you could hear it. A Dying Gymnast wraps it all up with some half funny/half pathetic one-man HC spoof. Tulpa keeps you guessing, let me tell ya. (Tulpa Productions, Box 860, Willimantic, CT 06226)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Great Fire Of London
(Fire)

It never ceases to amaze me how the U.K. manages to spawn scads of creative bands, most of which will go unheard here in the U.S. LIke predecessors such as Eyeless In Gaza or Monochrome Set, the bands on this compilation share an awkward, but unabashed sort of naivete that ranges from the quaint to the brilliant. Why do American bands with folksy leanings induce slumber, while their British counterparts cause me to perk up my ears? Beats me, but if you can find anything in the stores by 1000 Mexicans, Blue Aeroplanes, or Colenso Parade, pick 'em up. (Fire, Firestation Towers, 91 Highbury New Park, Highbury, London N5 2EU, U.K.)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Just A Mish Mash
(In Tape)

Another U.K. comp with some fairly non-comm sounds on it, maybe intended to introduce those on American soil to the In Tape roster. I already had the Creepers' cut, so the only two songs that really got me excited were the Weeds' "China Doll" (sort of like Fall/Brix Smith) and the Janitors' "Track Entry Baby" (ugly rock befitting the group's name). Oh, I guess the Rote Kapelle track is pretty good too. (Dist. by Fundamental, Box 2309, Covington, GA 30209)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
No Borders (cassette)
(Generations Unlimited)

If this comp is any indication, Generations Unlimited seems to have more of a classical sensibility than most cassette labels, looking out at the world through Xenakis or Subotnick-colored glasses. (Actually, maybe this will be an LP — I got a pre-release copy) Just a few of the highlights: Rollkommando with some Mideastern-flavored

REVIEWS cont. on page 17

Hot 'Zine Action

Actually, I didn't really want to review zines and mags. I get tons of these things. They pile up all over the apartment, and I never read 'em. I did decide, however, that I would say a few things about the stuff people sent for trade. And, I guess I'll do the same next issue.

Factsheet 5 #27 — Another fun-filled issue from the leading advocate of the independent press. I'm sure you know about this thing by now, but if you don't, *FS5* has scads of reviews of every type of 'zine imaginable. It's really *the* place to get a complete listing of what's happening in the publishing scene. Rec and tape reviews, too. ($2 ppd. c/o Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144)

Maximum Rock N Roll #63 — You've probably already made up your mind about this one. I know I have. I'm not at all fond of the narrow political or musical scope of *MRR*, but I do enjoy the letters and columns. The two sentence record reviews are worthless. This mag should be up to their "new expanded format" by now. (I don't know if the price has gone up. Box 288, Berkeley, CA 94701)

Too Far #5 — Feminist 'zine with a very personal feel. The piece on oral contraception is a bit slanted (Not that the Pill is all roses, but some studies have shown that small doses of estrogen can *reduce* incidence of some kinds of cancer, guard against osteoporosis by increasing calcium absorption, reduce the effects of menopause and P.M.S. Ask your doctor, etc.), but that's a minor quibble. "Exercises for Men" and the particularly eloquent "Survival" should make some of you boneheads think a little — but it won't I'm sure. An extra tip of the hat for mentioning AIDS and lesbianism in the same breath. (25¢ ppd. c/o Adrienne, 3815 San Pablo #7, Emeryville, CA 94608)

[For an intersting contrast to "Survival," see Dawn Cook's piece in *The Primal Reader*]

Translucent Lethargy #12 — These dudes like their music heavy, metal or otherwise. Head of David, Naked Raygun, Gore, and Foetus all find favor in the record reviews, and that's cool with me. Entertaining reviews with Rollins Band, Gammacide, Band From Hell. ($1 ppd. Box 780334, Oklahoma City, OK 73178)

Vicious Hippies From Panda Hell #3 — Small, multi-colored 'zine with a local bent. Decent interviews with Balancing Act (which goes from page 16, to page 4, to page 17) and Toody Cole from some group called Dead Moon, which I've never heard of. (Send stamps. 1880 SW 5th #32, Portland, OR 97201)

Writer's Block #3 — Mike Appelstein has eclectic taste, and seems to know like a knowledgeable guy. Small gripes: yet another Pixies interview, and how can anyone possibly like Living Colour? ($1.25 ppd. 37 Grand Blvd., Spotswood, NJ 08884)

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BLATHER cont. from page 2

Wanna Buy A Bridge?; $1.99: FALL-Ghost In My House, FLIES-Get Burned. Lots more too. It does make me a little worried though. Hope Jack's isn't phasing out "imports," as we Jerseyites call any record that's not on Columbia or Warner Bros.

Who would've believed it? You know what's in these days? The mean & heavy beat 'n' guitar sound, influenced by Big Black, that descends upon the listener like a wrecking ball. Membranes, PWEI, World Domination Enterprises, Sator, Bastro, and so on and so forth. Then you have the angry, festering sounds of Wiseblood, Foetus, Pussy Galore, Feedtime, White Zombie, Of Cabbages And Kings, Union Carbide, etc. No wonder I get so many headaches. (And, consequently, the guy upstairs does too. Hi, Ron.) Course I *could* buy Tracy Chapstick, Marti Jones, and James albums, but then I wouldn't be cool, would I?

And in MTV New Music News...The Classic Ruins have a new album coming out on Chris Porter's new label. It'll be out on New Rose in France...BBP has a massive catalog of "hard to find" recordings, punk/metal/other. They're not distributed in the U.S. through Kentucky Fried Royalty, Box 2123, Van Nuys, CA 91404...Speaking of new addresses, Toxic Shock has now moved to Arizona. Wonder who they're running from this time. (See reviews section for address)...Guitar noisemaster Rhys Chatham has a new album of house music coming out on Homeboy, er Homestead Records...American Standard will finally make it onto vinyl. Expect an album on Wishing Well by the top of the year, or so. THey say they have a few T-Shirts left, but can you imagine what I'd look like in a Beefy T?...Luna Ticks, famous cartoonist, is also guitarist for More Fiends. Their LP *Yo Asphalt Head* is now out on Rave Records, Box 40075, Philadelphia, PA 19106...X-Men claim they'll have their debut wax out soon. Write to 403, Hwy 35, Red Bank, NJ 07701...I've never been accused of being a local music supporter, but there's a pretty eclectic local cassette comp out on Cool Beans called *Skinny Brain Stabbers*. Long and short versions available from 130 Essex Ave., W. Keansburg, NJ 07734...That reminds me, Albany's Wolfpack was once "looking for me" after reading what I thought was a pretty positive review. Another good reason to ignore local bands — they have no sense of humor. They have an album out now, by the way...Not music, but Martti Koski has a pamphlet you conspiracy theory fans might wanna check out. Koski believes he's been made a guinea pig in a bizarre mind control experiment. Contact Martti Koski, Kiilinpellontie 2, 21290 Rusko, Finland. You might want to send a couple IRC's if you're interested.

STRIPMINERS cont. from page 4

PS: Yea, we were pretty distraught over the whole thing — it tore at the fabric of our inner being. Marc went out and bought a gun, and Barry could only masturbate if he thought of John. But the days of hell are behind us since we entered therapy and begun on the road to redemption. Plus we realized basically how pathetic rock and roll was (is), at least as an anxiety.

F13: Guess Gerard did like you guys after all, though.

PS: Gerard hung out for about twenty minutes with a baseball hat and mascara on, and asked our sandbagger friend if he wanted to suck some pung, then took off to think about dirt — next day we followed him into Roncone's and cancelled his order for robin eggs after he left.

F13: Anyway, what songs are going to be on the EP, and when can we expect to see it in the stores?

PS: Anyway, as if you're going to recognize any of our songs without buying the record, Moleman Please Chief Barn Burning Ready To Go Certain Things Sheep Killing Dog Last Time — October 10th $5.95 available at Walgrens, TJ MAXX and Roncone's.

F13: I never asked any band this question before, but what's the significance of the name Stripminers?

PS: Rochester was a big coal mining town back around the turn of the century, and all of our great-grandfathers and various other prehistory relatives were miners — we grew up listening to great tales about the beauty of stripmining — seeing all the land leveled for miles around so no vegetation can grow for hundreds of years and all that loose soil eroding down to impede the growth of all hydrophilous life.

F13: It's hard to hear the lyrics on a lot of the demos I've heard from you guys, but it seems like a lot of them ("Mole Man," "King of Dust") deal with the seamier side of life. Where do you get your inspirations?

PS: It's more the need to expunge than the need to create — running away from the muse.

F13: When I think of bands from upstate New York, I think of pop (Fear of Strangers, Mambo-X) or garage rock (Chesterfield Kings, Splat Cats). How did you guys get to be so noisy?

PS: That's what feels good against our skin.

F13: So are you psyched to become the biggest thing out of upstate New York since 10,000 Maniacs?

PS: Natalie and that guitar player guy weigh in at about 550 combined — so to be bigger than them we would have to go to the Wendy's Super Bar at least two more times a day than we do now.

O.K., I know I should've done a phone interview, but this is a low budget operation, y'know. But, still, go out and buy the Stripminers' record (what the fuck's it called anyway?), and remember that you heard read about it here first.

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RACING cont. from page 8

Newman. And we saw Lyn St. James' two little blonde girls taking turns behind the wheel of mom's Merkur XR4Ti, sponsored by Secret (it's strong enough for a man, but...) Who says there are no positive female role models? St. James would later run a respectable race in the Trans-Am, finishing about 1/3 of the way down the pack.

We quickly found seats for the last event, and only real race of the day. Now, the Trans-Ams went all out, jockeying for position on the narrow track. Scott Pruett, starting from the pole spot, held the lead for the first quarter of the 84 lap race. But today, the Audi Quattros would again dominate, as the four-wheel drive provided extra control on the poorly surfaced track. Hans Stuck and Walter Roehrl moved up to finish 1-2, for the fifth straight Trans-Am victory for the Audis. Pruett would finish third.

Paul Newman started the race in the sixth spot, and proceeded to drop quickly out of the top ten before spinning out, and taking car #3, driven by Deborah Gregg, out of the race. The crew patched up Newman's car with duct tape, but further difficulties cropped up later, and Newman failed to complete the race.

Willy T. Ribbs provided the greatest excitement of the day. In a bright yellow Camaro, Ribbs began the race in ninth position and steadily moved up to the second spot, challenging Stuck for the lead. Ribbs hopes were dashed however, as mechanical problems sent him to the pits. Ribbs returned to the race, and managed a remarkable fifth place.

[Did anyone really get this far? Didn't think so.]

REVIEWS cont. from page 14

hypnogroove that fans of Muslimgauze might like; Conrad Schniztler with some rich chords and synthetic strings, in a piece which evolves a lot over its four minutes; Gen Ken, with sampled percussion galore; Charles Cohen with a piece that drags traditional Japanese music into the 21st century; Iancu Dumitrescu, with more haunting minimalism. *No Borders* is a compilation that ranges from good to very good. (Generations Unlimited, 199 Strathmore #5, Brighton, MA 02135)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Rat Music For Rat People, Vol. III
(CD)

Christ, I must be in a good mood to be giving this a good review. This LP is nothing to write home about, but I guess the reason I like HC comps is there's enough diversity to keep a hyperactive kid like me from getting bored. No. 3 has an all-star lineup, as we've come to expect from these things. My favorite tracks are ones by Doggie Style, Attitude, and White Flag, and D.I. and the Adolescents even manage to come up with covers that don't suck. I'm not in a good enough mood to say anything positive about the inclusion of Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper. (CD, 1230 Grant Ave., Suite 531, San Francisco, CA 94133)

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